

Is you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Platoes Region*,
I pray you deliver him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrowes in vngatefull Rome,
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffragts
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice.
Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie case
To see thy Noble Vnckle thus distract?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius* how now? how now my Maisters?
What haue you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,
Marrie for iustice she is so imploy'd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else:
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,
He diue into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Neerion* by the heeles:
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And fith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods
To send downe iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this gear, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the Arrowes.

All Iouens, that's for you: here ad *Appollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my selfe.
Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoote against the winde.
Too it Boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid:
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
There's not a God left vnfollicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflicte the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now Maisters draw, Oh well said *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Virgors* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marc. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gal'd, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Emperesse villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose
But giue them to his Maister for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.
Titus. Newes, newes, from heauen,
Marcus the poast is come.

Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters?

Shall I haue iustice, what sayes *Iupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the libbetmaker, he sayes that he hath ta-
ken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd
till the next weeke.

Tit. But what sayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir I know not *Iupiter*:

I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my Pigeons sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen? Alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heauen in my
young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the
Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt
my Vnckle, and one of the Emperials men.

Marc. Why sir, that is as sic as can be to serue for your
Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigeons to the Emperour
from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Em-
perour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truly sir, I could neuer say grace in all
my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt haue iustice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke.

Sirra, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication?
Clowne. I sir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele,
then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and
then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand sir, see you do
it brauely.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirra haue thou a knife? Come let me see it.

Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,

For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant:

And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour,

Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will. *Exit.*

Tit. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Emperour and Emperesse, and ber two sonnes, the
Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand
that Titus shot at him.*

Satur. Why Lords,

What wrongs are these? was euer seene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of ege all iustice, v'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,
But euen with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitteresse?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse.
See, heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,

This

This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Iniustice every where?

A goodly humbug, is it not my Lords?

As who would say, in Rome no iustice were.

But if I liue, his faired extasies

Shall be no shelter to these outrages:

But he and his shall know, that iustice liues

In *Saturninus* health; whom if he sleepe,

Hee'l awake, as he in fury shall

Cut off the proud, & Conspirator that liues.

Tamora. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,

Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,

Calm thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,

The effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,

Whose losse hath pierc'd him deepe, and scard his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,

Then prosecute the meaneest or the best

For these contemptes. Why thus it shall become

High witted *Tamora* to glose with all:

But *Titus*, I haue touch'd thee to the quicke,

Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wife,

Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port. *Aside.*

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, wouldst thou speake with vs?

Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Mistership be Emperiall.

Tam. Emperesse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Clow. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;

I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigeons heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.

Clowne. How much money must I haue?

Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck

to a faire end. *Exit.*

Satur. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same deuise proceedes:

May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,

That dy'd by law for murder of our Brother,

Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?

Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,

Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priuiledge:

For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:

Sly franticke wretch, that holp't to make me great,

In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius*?

Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,

The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power

Of high resolu'd men, bent to the spoyle

Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:

Who threats in course of this reuenge to do

As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?

These tydings nip me, and I hang the head

As flowers with frost, or grass beat downe with stormes:

I now begins our sorrowes to approach,

'Tis he the common people loue so much,

My selfe hath often heard them say,

(When I haue walked like a priuate man)

That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,

And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?

King. I, but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.

Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?

The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,

And is not carefull what they meane thereby,

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,

He can at pleasure flint their melodie.

Euen so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,

Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,

I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous.

Then baite to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe;

When as the one is wounded with the baite,

The other rotted with delicious foode,

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.

Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will.

For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,

With golden promises, that were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old eares deafe,

Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue.

Goe thou before to our Embassadour,

Say, that the Emperour requests a parly

Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

King. *Emillius* do this message Honourably,

And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Emil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,

And temper him with all the Art I haue,

To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes,

And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe;

And bury all thy feare in my deuises.

Satur. Then goe successantly and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Flourish. *Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes,
with Drum and Souldiers.*

Luci. Approued warriors, and my faithfull Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our fight they are.

Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any teache,

Let him make treble satisfaction,

Goth. Braue slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,

Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,

Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,

Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt;

Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'st,

Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,

Led by their Maister to the flower'd fields,

And be aueng'd on curst *Tamora*:

And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all,

But who comes heere, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child
in his armes.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I straid,

To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,

And